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THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER III.

Qui voudrait vivre, mon fils, s'il connaissait l'avenir ?—*Bernadin de Saint Pierre.*

Ausserordentlich schwärmerische Menschen, Genies and Narren sollten gar nicht heirathen, aber die erste Liebe äusserst heiss, just bis zum ersten Kusse treiben und dann auf und davon gehen — Warte mit dem Zorne, die Gründe Kommen.—*Adalbert Stifter.*

HONORIA was reining in her white pony, and commencing a quiet return towards the old mansion, when suddenly a strange

mind and an excellent seat on horseback. The hounds sprang towards the woman; Honoria's decisive tone of command,



URSULA MORDANT IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

woman emerged from a coppice, and with wildly waving arms paused like some ancient Pythoness before the young girl. The affrighted pony reared, and infallibly would have thrown his rider, had she not been possessed of unusual presence of

uttered in her clear, bell-like voice, instantly caused them to fall back; or, it might be, they fell back shivering, cowed more by a strange undaunted something in the woman, than even by the command of their mistress.

"Stand off, woman!" ejaculated Honoria, the blood with violence suffusing her transparent skin; "do you not see how you have startled my pony?"

"Vengeance! vengeance!" shrieked the woman, heedless of Honoria's danger and her own, "my Leonard! my Leonard! my son—he has been foully murdered, girl!—look here!" and the poor maniac held forth towards Honoria the little pictures and needle-book. Honoria, startled by these awful words, cast her eyes upon the childish paintings, and her keen spirit appeared instantly to comprehend the condition of the unhappy being before her.

"That is sad indeed, poor woman!" said she, soothingly, whilst she sought to curb in her fiery little steed, which still curvetted about in a manner perilous enough for Mrs. Mordant. "We will try and help you," pursued Honoria; "I will ride off for help;" and saying this she loosened her pony's rein, and fled like an arrow towards the house.

Soon Mr. Pierrpoint and Honoria's tutor, followed by a servant, might have been observed crossing the meadow towards the unhappy woman, who was restlessly pacing up and down upon the spot where Honoria had left her. Mr. Pierrpoint proffered his assistance, and poor Mrs. Mordant, in her frantic vehemence, mingling truth and miserable fancies, poured forth to him her distress of mind.

Mr. Pierrpoint obtained sufficient information from her incoherent speeches for his purpose. He discovered that she was the sister of Michael Stamboyse, and to the house of this well-known merchant he forthwith conveyed her.

The morrow's grey dawn saw her removed from Stamboyse's house to an asylum lying on the outskirts of the town.

And here for the present, in this house of woe, must we leave the miserable mother. Nothing could induce her to part with the scraps of paper covered with Johnny Wetherley's childish paintings. She had folded them in a pink-gauze handkerchief and carried them in her bosom, guarding them fiercely and jealously, as if they were an untold treasure.

Her guardians, with a wise humanity, indulged her frenzied fancies by leaving her, undisturbed, this pitiful solace. Her madness had now sunk into a lethargic misery for the most part. For hours she might have been seen crouched in some corner of her sleeping cell, or of the common ward, with her head bowed in a wild abandonment upon her knees—like one of those extraordinary figures designed by that sublime madman, William Blake—or flung upon the floor with her face lying in the dust, in the attitude of oriental worship, oblivious to the blood-curdling cries that rose around her from afflicted souls torn by frantic misery, which now presented itself in awful ribald jests, in cries of bitterest anguish, or, more fearful still, in laughter such as never issued from sane bosom. But there were also times when poor Ursula Mordant woke up from lethargy, and flinging her treasure from her bosom, would blend her cry with other cries of agony, echoing through the white mournful corridors, and ascending up to God.

But this cry of anguish never reached Leonard. Where was he? Let us seek after him.

One morning the scholars of Signor Lambelli, assembled in the rotunda of his celebrated academy of painting in London, were addressed by their worthy master in the following little set speech:—

"Gentlemen! to-day a pupil will enter this Temple of the Muses, for whom I must, gentlemen, request your especial courtesy. Art, my dear youthful friends, we all believe, sublimates the meanest atom. As Jove, we learn, descended from the skies, assuming grovelling shapes of beasts and birds to bear away the prize of beauty, so now in common life—as in the case which I am about to lay before you, gentlemen—we perceive how the highly-born—if I mistake not—and the highly-endowed with genius, may stoop to perform the drudgery of slaves in order to gain admittance to the Temple of the Muses. Gentlemen, I bewilder you! In simple terms—casting aside the flowers of rhetoric—I will explain. A young gentleman last night besought admittance to me—his name, as given, is Leonard Hale—and, with a noble frankness,

declaring himself unpossessed of worldly wealth, but burning with an inextinguishable ardour for the service of the Muses, he besought permission, upon any terms, to enter this Temple. He would, he declared, with eyes of pride, become a menial even, so that he might in the end attain to the rank of a disciple. I was"—pursued the kind-hearted, but pompous Lambelli, his voice becoming somewhat husky, his speech somewhat less florid—"interested, gentlemen, in the youth; his manner bespoke an earnest, steadfast love and ardour; his sketches, which he showed me, power. He would not receive his admission among you upon any terms but those of working out a return for my instruction. He will, gentlemen, henceforth perform the functions of that lazy dog, Peter; and, gentlemen, my dear young friends, you will evince yourselves in the reception of this gentleman"—concluded Lambelli, sonorously clearing his throat as if to drive away some lingering emotion.

The good signor's little address was received in a variety of ways: there were titterings and coughings, and there were also a few instances of noble and generous response to poor Leonard's action, which expressed themselves in murmurs of "By Jove, though, there must be stuff in the chap!"—"We must be up and doing, old fellow, or this Phoenix of servitors will sweep us out of the rotunda with the other rubbish!"

The door opening, Leonard entered, and murmurings and titterings ceased suddenly, although many glances, both bold and furtive, were cast upon him.

It was with no cowed or menial air that he advanced, but with so proud a bearing that the good signor's suspicions regarding the youth's noble birth might readily have been acceded to by all present. A keen fire flashed in his eyes as they rapidly glanced over the room prepared for study, with the light striking broadly upon the rows of large-limbed casts after the antique which in calm dignity stood around the walls. Then slightly bowing to Signor Lambelli, and the colour suffusing his usually pale cheek as he felt so many wondering, strange eyes rivetted upon him, he said in a clear but low voice,—

"Is there any duty, Sir, which I shall perform before commencing my drawing? You will perhaps have the goodness clearly to explain to me here, before these gentlemen, what my duties are; I wish to arrange all my work methodically, so that the one kind shall not interfere with the other, in order that both you and I, Sir, may have satisfaction in each other."

Signor Lambelli, with a certain bustling excitement, and an undisguised deference, then explained the mysteries of straining paper upon the student's drawing-boards, of arranging the room for models, and various other duties of the same kind which would devolve upon the youth,—

"The brooms," observed the kind-hearted signor, lowering his voice and drawing Leonard aside, "for—hem—hem—my dear young sir, you will pardon my using such homely terms—for sweeping out the rotunda, and dust-pans, and such trifling matters, I will order up here, and they shall be kept in this closet; so that—you understand me, my dear young sir—that with the menials of my household you shall have no occasion to come in contact. As you gracefully observed last evening, 'the hand is never defiled by an action, however lowly, which is performed in a noble spirit;' we know that—we know that. But now let us set to work upon the nobler work—of course—of course, in a noble spirit." And the good man drew forth an easel, and arranging an anatomical cast in an advantageous light, with love and earnestness set his new pupil to work.

"And, gentlemen," pursued he, turning round to the considerably-surprised groups of youths who were scattered through the room, "you will not be unreasonable in your demands upon Mr. Hale's time. I rely upon your honourable feelings, gentlemen."

It would be needless, step by step, to follow Leonard through this portion of his career. Let it suffice to say, that he battled onward through difficulties, and through what to many a less truly proud spirit would have been humiliations, inspired by a fervent love of art, inflamed with a vast ambition, nerved up to endure all things for the accomplishment of his then soe

purpose in life—the development of his latent genius, and thereby the attainment of triumphant artistic success, which should be the sign of his love to his mother—his revenge upon his uncle.

He had, in the first instance, to run the gauntlet with various mean spirits amongst Lambelli's pupils; but the nobler ones speedily arose as his champions, and in Lambelli himself he had ever a true and steadfast friend, who not alone imparted freely and proudly all the practical knowledge of art of which he was possessed to his singular pupil, but, with a gentle thought inquiring into the poor youth's circumstances, put work into his hands which enabled Leonard, by unceasing toil at night and in the early mornings, to earn sufficient for his slender wants. But this evident pride of Lambelli in his pupil only in another way produced thorns for Leonard—jealousy and envy of him spread among the other students; but silently, earnestly, at times moodily, Leonard wrought on, performing his two spheres of labour, the lower for the love of the higher, and that, too, with a conscientiousness which would have been incredible to Michael Stamboyse, had he known of it. But where a strong love rules how easy become all things! Speedily, however, did the time arrive for Leonard to pass on to a yet higher school than that of the Rotunda—to the school of the Royal Academy, where Lambelli longed to see him entered as a student; foreseeing that much credit to his teaching would accrue to him through Leonard, and also from an unselfish interest in the youth.

And neither were master nor scholar disappointed in their expectations: Leonard's success was signal; his zeal and skill a constant subject of discourse both among teachers and fellow-students, and the highest expectations were excited regarding his career. This phase of Leonard's life was truly typified in a bold figure which he had once sketched in charcoal upon the wall of Lambelli's school, and which for long years was carefully preserved there by Lambelli, and by later generations of students, as a relic of "that clever fellow, Hale." It was of a strong youthful warrior hewing his way through the world with a huge two-edged sword, his breast heaving, his youthful brows knit with a strong determination.

And thus Leonard hewed his way boldly forward, and in the struggle and emulation of the combat he could not hear the wailing voice of his poor mother echoing through the desolate corridors of her abode of misery.

"I shall write to my mother on the day of my triumph!" said Leonard in his heart. And for the sake of the great joy to his mother and himself of this triumph, he silenced with a strong will the agony of his love for her, which at times threatened to overwhelm him and his ambition.

Let us now return to our poor little artist, Johnny. Before a month had passed from the day on which he had encountered Mrs. Mordant in the wood above the Hellings, that long-yearned-for happiness had arrived—a visit from the Pierrpoints; and then a yet more marvellous bliss—his translation from the cottage of his good old grandmother to the studio of Mr. Isaac Strudwicke, of Nottingham, a portrait-painter of much provincial fame.

On a clear-skied, joyous May morning, the carriage of the Honourable Jaspas Pierrpoint stopped at the turn of the lane, near to Sally Wetherley's cottage, and the old dame herself, now pretty nearly recovered from her accident, might have been seen at the door of the cottage supported on a crutch, which nevertheless did not prevent her from attempting various curtsies in reply to Mr. Pierrpoint's words, as he conducted away Johnny, who, attired in brand new clothes, and with a very crimson countenance, was grasping his grandmother's hand. Then one might have seen how the good old woman hobbled down, as fast as she could, to her favourite point of observation in the little garden, where, standing among the young cabbage-plants, through a gap in the hedge, she watched, with tears of pride and affection gathering in her eyes, the carriage roll away, with Johnny seated in the rumble.

And now commences, truly, a fresh chapter in the life of John Wetherley.

Often in after life did that first entrance into the temple of art recur to him and call forth smiles, but smiles mingled with a certain tenderness. John Wetherley's maturer judgment in later years declared the studio of worthy Isaac Strudwicke to have been but a dreary, barren temple. Great names, and much technicality and conventionality, certainly adorned the teaching and the life in the temple, and many a strictly correct and conventional picture of a gentleman standing before a crimson curtain, festooned between marble columns, the said gentleman holding in his hand an open letter, or leaning it gracefully upon a table scattered over with books and papers, did Johnny study; and as he progressed under the instruction of his worthy master, aid in the creation of.

Innumerable were the crimson Indian scarfs which he industriously dashed in for Isaac Strudwicke for the adornment of elderly ladies, both amiable and severe, who attired in brilliant black satin, were seated upon Grecian couches—innumerable the pale blue scarfs for the young ladies in white, who, with ringlets and pensive eyes, wandered through cinnamon-coloured groves, often bearing in their hands baskets of roses. Much labour also did blue coats, striped buff waistcoats, crimson curtains with ditto cords and tassels, and green table-cloths, and vellum-bound books, and massive ink-stands, afford him. But it was some time ere such delicacies of art were intrusted to the pencil of the novice.

Above all, in John Wetherley's memory bloomed two pictures of his life with Isaac Strudwicke—his presentation to his master, and the last day of his discipleship.

The carriage of the Honourable Jaspas Pierrpoint, upon the bright May morning already referred to, stopped abruptly at a house in the same street as that of Michael Stamboyse, and, like it, a house bearing the stamp of the reign of William and Mary. Johnny's heart beat faster and louder, and his breath came ever thicker and quicker, and his cheeks glowed ever hotter and redder, as he followed Mr. Pierrpoint, and the demure elderly woman-servant who ushered them up the well-carpeted staircase, and through a long gallery hung and carpeted with crimson baize, and adorned with copies after Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt, made by Mr. Strudwicke when upon his continental tour. Now the door at the end of the gallery was opened, Johnny feeling as though certainly his loudly beating heart must burst his breast, and as though every one certainly must hear, as he did, a rush as of winds and waters—which was, after all, simply the circulation of his own excited blood.

The door opened, they entered, and he saw tall easels rising up around him, from which gleamed down the contented countenances of gentlemen and ladies; he saw light streaming in a blinding shower from the upper portion of a tall window at the end of the room, the lower portion of the window being mysteriously hung with a heavy green curtain. Everywhere he saw pictures, and books, and prints, and portfolios, and ghastly-looking casts of hands, arms, feet, and heads, standing about the floor or hanging upon the walls; he saw a hideous, huge doll bedizened up with a widow's cap and a crimson scarf; and he saw Isaac Strudwicke himself.

The good old gentleman had been inspired by one of the unusual flights of imagination which, upon two or three occasions of his long and indefatigable life, had visited him. He was painting a picture which, to employ his own words, he regarded as "idealised poetical portraiture." It was a picture of Niobe and her children; and in order to enjoy the full force of contrast, or maybe the picture originating in the fantastic contradiction inherent in human nature, he had chosen as the models for his poetical picture his newly-wedded wife, the matronly relict of Jeremiah Dale, formerly mayor of Sheffield, and her two little daughters, Phoebe and Emma. Possible, also, is it that Mrs. Strudwicke's poetical mind had influenced that of her "cherished spouse," for she was a lady with a vein of tender sentimentality running through her comfortable being; and now, rejoicing in a second and beloved husband, and in the possession of two remarkably healthy and pretty

little daughters, she poetically chose to have herself immortalised, by the pencil of her husband, as the unhappy Niobe, and Phœbe and Emma, clinging to her, in horror of Diana's arrows, as the last of her ten daughters.

Could Johnny have read the expression upon Mr. Pierrpoint's countenance when that gentleman's eyes encountered "the poetical portrait" in progress, and the group throned before Isaac Strudwicke, the lad would have read something there very dry and sarcastic. But Johnny was in no condition to read countenances or anything else; he was fairly bewildered—bewildered by the portly dame in classical drapery and whose plump arm, protruding from a flame-coloured tunic, was wound round the shaft of a broken column, against which her stout cheek reposed; he was bewildered by the two pretty little girls dressed in blue and pink gauze, who were amusing themselves, until commanded by their step-father to "pose," the one with eating queen's-cakes, the other with dressing her doll; he was bewildered by the vision of the painter himself, who was seated before his picture, palette and brushes in his hand, and attired in a green damask painting-gown. With the pair of round spectacles upon his nose, and with the powder he wore in his hair, altogether Isaac Strudwicke bore a certain resemblance to the well known portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds—a resemblance, be it known, especially cherished by the worthy man himself.

Everything bewildered the country lad, and a strange sense of humility overwhelmed him, also a feeling akin to that which had made him in the wood above the Hellings bury his face, wet with bitter tears, among the bright spring blossoms. What a world of new knowledge was opening before him!—how should he ever learn to understand all the strange things about him! And as he heard Mr. Pierrpoint's clear aristocratic voice in easy converse with this strange gentleman talking about the picture—that wonderfully *beautiful picture*, as Johnny thought, of the fat lady in the queer yellow shawl, Johnny called it—he felt how rough his own voice was, how clumsy his tongue, as well as his feet and his hands—oh were he only back in the turnip-field or with his dear old granny; but then the thought—the intoxicating thought flashed through him—"but I'm come to learn how to make beautiful pictures such as these around me! and I *can* make them too, I feel sure, some day!" And Johnny's head was very erect when Strudwicke observed, "And so, my dear boy, you would like to be a painter?" And his voice was not at all thick and husky, when he replied, "Yes, indeed, that I should, sir!" for it was his soul which spoke, and gave clearness of utterance.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Strudwicke, as I before observed, I trust you will find that I have discovered a 'Giotto,'" remarked Mr. Pierrpoint, with a smiling look at the blushing boy, whose face once more had sunk upon his breast suffused with blushes.

"A Sir Joshua, a Sir Joshua, let us rather say, my dear sir," returned Mr. Strudwicke, again peering good-temperedly at poor Johnny through his round spectacle glasses.

"I need not repeat my wishes regarding my young protégé, Mr. Strudwicke," said Mr. Pierrpoint, taking his leave. "All affairs were satisfactorily arranged upon my last visit; and now good bye, Wetherley, and let us hear satisfactory accounts of your progress!"

Some five years have calmly flowed away since this first picture was impressed upon the memory of our friend. He is grown into the youth of eighteen, and the second picture, which in maturer years called forth both smiles and a certain tenderness in John Wetherley's heart, shows him reclining in a pleasant shadowy garden upon grass and among flowers at the feet of a young girl.

To his enamoured eyes all that ever poets sang of love and loveliness, of nymphs, of goddesses, of shepherdesses, of angels, is embodied in the form and face of this girl, around whose soft brown hair Johnny has placed a wreath of roses. How his fingers are thrilled with a delicious faintness as he places the happy flowers upon that little head, every beloved hair of

which has wound itself around his heart—how he feels a sharp pang of half-sweet jealousy shiver through him as he looks at her little dimpled fingers pressing the dainty little needle which sparkles in the warm afternoon sun—and if those sweet violet eyes would but raise themselves only for a half moment and gaze into his, and read there all the romantic devotion welling up into them from his throbbing, warm, intoxicated heart, would not that indeed and indeed be bliss! But they rest, those dove-like eyes, with the most provokingly bewitching demureness upon the delicate muslin which the little dimpled fingers are embroidering—and the sun-light flickers through the vine leaves upon the trellis-work covering the garden-house, at the foot of which this beloved goddess is embroidering,—and sharply penciled shadows fall upon her peach-like cheek from those long eye-lashes,—and roses of earth never wore such marvellous brilliancy as her red-lips, or breathed such perfume,—and her white dress, catching the sun's rays, gleams with celestial radiance—and as Johnny lies dreaming before her, half supported by cushions, upon which he has enthroned his goddess, his soul dissolves into an ecstasy, then deepens into sadness, as he feels how in a few short hours he will have been borne away from her, his beloved idol.

London! London! fresh paths of study opening out before him! his debt of gratitude to the Pierrpoints! In this moment what were they? He had of late been seized with discontent at this eternal painting of sleek ladies and gentlemen wearing an eternal simper, and in his heart of hearts had scorned the skill of honest Isaac Strudwicke; and when thrills of intensest joy vibrated through his being at visions of gorgeous sun-set skies, of fresh dewy flowers unfurling their delicately-tinted chalice; of solemn and thickly-wooded landscapes, stretching away towards a vast horizon with ocean-like immensity—had not a new sense of artistic power been born within him, and had he not then burst the bonds which for years had bound him reverently to his good old master's teachings? And had not Miss Pierrpoint, as if divining this secret new-born aspiration, but a few weeks before, witnessing his flushed face and gleaming eyes, as he leant over a rare design by an old Italian master, which she had shown him, exclaimed, "Mr. Wetherley has staid long enough, too long, father, in Strudwicke's studio—he must have higher teaching—the true love of art is in him; we shall not after all be disappointed."

Yes, once more earnest, oracular words had been spoken by this cold, haughty Miss Pierrpoint, she whose beauty, decision, and harsh frankness throughout five years of unceasing thoughtfulness for him, their low-born protégé, had weighed upon him rather with pain than joy;—and once more in her he had recognised the angel who burst the dungeon gates for him, drawing him forth into the refulgence of day. His heart had bowed before her in gratitude, and for a space he had rejoiced over his approaching deliverance from the eternal delineation of vapid faces and forms.

But as his departure for London approached, John Wetherley had discovered how bands of a far more subtle bondage than those of Isaac Strudwicke's art had bound themselves stealthily around him. He believed that now, when it was too late to save himself from a great misery and mistake in life, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he, in full consciousness of the calm and beautiful life he left behind smiling and beckoning to him from the shore, was plunging into an ocean of troubled waters, within whose depths lay fearful monsters awaiting his destruction. What at that moment to his soul were the pearls and the rare marvels he might discover within the ocean caverns, to the familiar joys of the meadow flowers upon the peaceful shores?

"After all," he repeated again and again to himself, "do not I believe Love to be nobler, more beautiful, than Art? Why, therefore, do I quit this beloved being? I have offended this good Mr. Strudwicke, her second father, by quitting him and his instruction at the very time when he has declared me, with noble generosity, to be his *son* and favourite pupil; even half hinting, also, how, perhaps, in years to come, I might take up his palette and step into his vacant place as second

emulator of 'Sir Joshua?'—and that good motherly, Mrs. Strudwicke, too, am not I also bitterly ungrateful to her? and Phoebe? and—Emma?" And his restless thoughts touching upon this enchanting goddess, and his eyes resting with bewilderment upon her radiant face and dimpled hands, he was tossed from all anchorage of reason; and yet, duty to the stern Honoria and her father, all, all might have been lost, but for dire necessity.

Yes, John Wetherley, and now, with these thoughts teeming within thy brain, with thy lips seeking to utter words which should bear them glowing to the silly little heart of thy goddess, much gratitude dost thou owe, although thou couldst not then acknowledge it, to thy Nemesis, who approaches

kiss the tender soles of her dear little shoes! The large and handsomely bound volume, in which Il Penseroso had been reading studiously all that cloudless June afternoon, was her common-place book, and into it she copied, as she informed inquirers, "All the most melancholy passages from the most melancholy poets." Apparently she had this afternoon been perusing the most melancholy of all her extracts, for her countenance wore a pensiveness more striking than even that depicted in Strudwicke's celebrated "Poetical Portrait" of herself and Emma, from which the two sisters had derived their cognomens of Il Penseroso, and L'Allegro. Il Penseroso clapped her volume to her breast with nun-like air, her small head sunk upon it, her eyes resting on the earth,



THE LOVERS IN THE GARDEN.

through the bowery garden in the guise of Phoebe Dale, the sister of thy divinity, or *Il Penseroso*, as she is called familiarly. "Tea awaits us within the honeysuckle bower," with melancholy air says *Il Penseroso*, closing a large book which she has been perusing, and smiling faintly at the romantic pair; and the glowing words rush back to John's heart; and, blessed interference of Nemesis, oh, John Wetherley, thou art rescued from bondage for life to an empty, pretty face, with, either for thyself miserable mental deterioration, or for thy idol of clay bitter misery and injustice!

Slowly, very slowly, the three walked towards the bower, John silently and looking very pale, his eyes fixed upon the mossy turf, which yielded to the dainty footsteps of his divinity—he was jealous even of the happy moss which dared to

and thus she walked to the left hand of our unhappy lover—Emma danced along upon his right—now she had flitted off like a butterfly to gather a rose, now she had stuck it into John's button-hole, looking up into his face with such arch smiles, that had not the melancholy figure been at his side—and Isaac Strudwicke and his worthy wife been seated beneath the bower in full view of the approaching trio—he must infallibly have seized upon that terribly beautiful little face, and pressed it to his heart instead of the rose. And then she chirped around him like a merry bird, and everywhere sunshine fell upon her—and he was bewildered—distracted—Alas! poor Johnny, thou wast in a deplorable condition! But kind irrevocable fate was saving thee from the syren. Yes, although the withered remains of the rose which she had

given thee for long months were cherished by thee as the most sacred relic of a saint; although in fantastic, heavenly dreams that divine face haunted thee nightly with a pertinacious madness for a long space; although with burning, passionate, and earnest heart, thou hadst implored from heaven the possession of her love through the long night of thy journey up to London, sitting upon the top of the coach, and gazing up into the calm sky, and towards the stern, indifferent stars—thou wast only learning one of the very earliest lessons in life's school—poor Johnny!—Heaven's wisdom in turning a deaf ear to many a mortal's prayer.

But spite of our friend's heart being tossed to and fro by the billows of love's ocean, and by the billows also of jealousy—for Mrs. Strudwicke, during the meal within the honey-suckle bower, with cold cruelty lacerated John's heart, intruding within its sensitive core the thorn of jealousy by lavishing, as she did, unbounded praise upon "that delightful Mr. Ellis Stamboyse, whose appreciation of her Strudwicke's genius was undisguised, and who having been so greatly struck by that lovely picture of her Strudwicke's, *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro*, was himself going to sit immediately,"—yes, spite of these tides of agitating love and jealousy, and of the self-condemnation also called forth by the cold and silent expression of good old Strudwicke's countenance, John Wetherley had much to arrange and think of this evening before his departure with the coach at nine o'clock.

He had to bid adieu to the kind but awe-inspiring Pierrpoints, now staying for a few days at their stately mansion in the town, Pierrpoint House, one of those handsome and dignified old houses belonging to old county families, of which Nottingham is—or was, perhaps more correctly speaking—very rich.

John, his senses in a feverish delirium, passed through the familiar streets, along which, bathed in the quiet golden light of evening, people moved gaily or loiteringly. Happy people, John thought, who to-morrow, and the next day, and the next after that, would wake up within the familiar town, and who would, lying down to rest or wakening, breathe the same air as his beloved! That stately, gloomy mansion of the Pierrpoints, divided from the street by its court-yard, where grew the tall poplars which shivered in the breeze of this balmy June evening, as though Pierrpoint atmosphere even to them were chilling; and where the formal grass-plats, divided at right-angles by hard straight gravel-walks, were yielding as softest velvet to any insanely erratic foot-step which should dare to cross them—and where the jessamine, festooning the rich iron-balustrade running up either hand of the stone steps leading to the tall portal of the mansion, gleamed forth in cold white stars from darkest hued leaves—all smote this night on John's burning breast, like ice upon a volcano.

The tall portal swinging back, whilst still the voice of the deep-toned bell vibrated through the air, and a grave, sable-clad servant replying to John's somewhat abashed inquiries, he was speedily ushered across the gleaming black and white marble floor of the hall—grim portraits of departed Pierrpoints and antlered heads frowning down upon him from the dark wainscoted walls.

And now he stood in the large dining-room. More generations of stately Pierrpoints gazed around upon him from the walls, also of dark, gleaming wainscot; and that extraordinarily beautiful, but bold-looking, Lady de' Callis, whose face was Honoria's, and yet *not* Honoria's, looked forth from among the knots and festoons of carved flowers and fruits above the high mantel-piece. The slender, aristocratic, large blue-eyed boy, whose arm encircled her proud neck, seemed jealously to frown away all gazers upon his mother's strange, beautiful face, and that face seemed heartily to invite John's approach, then to repel him with a marvellous, enigmatical expression on her lips.

No sunlight was in the spacious room; and, though June, a fire burned upon the low, broad hearth beneath that heavily carved mantel-piece. But no fire-rays could warm up either the cold gleamings from the pictured faces, from the polished

walls, from the polished Indian cabinets standing here and there, or from the polished oaken floor, which revealed itself where it ceased to be covered by thick and richly-tinted Turkey carpet.

Sunlight had also passed away from the square of stately garden which was seen through the broad plate-glass windows lying beyond a low terrace with stone balustrades crowned with balls. Sunlight streaked the cloudlets with rose and orange in the pearly sky which hung above the garden, but within it all was cold and dusky green; a chillness hung around the sun-dial that rose in the centre of the garden; it hung among the tall, dark cypresses, upon the thick tapestry of jessamine and ivy which clothed the high walls surrounding the garden, and crept over the soft velvety turf. A deep hush brooded over the whole place without, only rendered more perceptible by the chirp of noisy town sparrows,—within, by the loud ticking of an ancient time-piece all gold and enamel, and by the startling fall of cinders from the fire upon the polished steel hearth.

The remains of a rich dessert were standing upon a small table drawn up near to the fire-place. There were delicious hot-house fruits heaped up in rich silver and china baskets, and rendered yet more lovely from being wreathed with leaves and flowers; and through the crystal sides of antiques-formed decanters shone golden and ruddy wine. In that chair, with its ebony back and crimson-cushioned seat, must that cold, awful Mr. Pierrpoint have sate, and there at his feet, upon that crimson velvet ottoman, must Honoria have nestled up to her father's knee. Could even a daughter, John thought, cling to so cold, so awful a being as Mr. Pierrpoint? or could words so cold and keen as his ever soften into love, even to this daughter?

But John was not long allowed to ponder upon the frigid Honoria, or the glowing Emma—a much more dangerous theme,—for in a moment more the grave servant was conducting him into a smaller adjoining room, lined with books up to the ceiling. Seated beside the fire was Mr. Pierrpoint, sipping coffee out of a tiny cup of daintiest china. Honoria, attired in a grey silk—now silvery as a gleam of moonlight—now dusky as a rain-cloud—and with her marvellously beautiful hair gleaming in the light, as if her head were surrounded with a golden glory, stood before a little table with quaintly-carved legs, pouring out coffee from a massive silver coffee-pot for an elderly lady, dressed in black, who sate beside her.

But neither the most courteous reception from this group, nor warm coffee poured from this quaint coffee-pot, worthy to have been designed by Benvenuto Cellini, and presented in a Sevres cup by the fair hands of Honoria,—nor yet Mr. Pierrpoint's wise advice to John upon this, the new chapter in his art-life commencing for him,—could set the poor youth at ease, or thaw the ice within him;—no, not even Mr. Pierrpoint's parting gift of "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," nor yet, much more, the parting words and action of Honoria.

With a sudden glow, as of a reflected sunset upon her white brow and among her crisp golden hair,—"*Father*," said she, slightly turning towards Mr. Pierrpoint, "remember that our copy of *Albinus*, which Mr. Wetherley was so much interested in the other night, is to be lent to him, until he is rich enough to purchase one for himself. It is already packed; shall I order it to be carried to the coach-office?" and turning towards John with a certain swan-like action, as she drew up her noble figure—"Mr. Wetherley," she pursued, "my father imagines that Mr. Strudwicke has given you no anatomical instruction; now you must earnestly begin to study anatomy. Without such knowledge you can be no artist, and were I one, or wishing to become one, I would never rest until Science had yielded to me her strength, as Poetry should yield to me her beauty. Let '*thorough*' be your motto in art and in life. Old *Albinus* shall aid you. Neither books nor human beings have a right to waste their lives—both should ever be in useful activity; *Albinus* will be doing his duty more by accompanying you to London than by stopping to moulder in a rich binding upon our shelves. *You do your duty by him. But*

remember, he is only *lent*, not given. Take care of him, both because he is a loan and because he is an excellent work, worthy of respect from you. And now, Mr. Wetherley, good bye, we must not detain you!"

About an hour and a half later, the London coach rolling, along with Johnny and Albinus upon its top, was stopped by a little cart standing at the corner of a lane in the gathering twilight. An old voice cried out from the little cart, "Good bye, my dear lad—again, good bye! Samiuel brought me for

a last word. Bless thee, my lad!—and here's a nice pasty for thee, poor chap!" And then a warm packet, wrapt up in a spotlessly clean blue and white checked handkerchief, was handed up to Johnny by the laughing guard. Away rolled the coach towards London, but the little cart stood in the dust until the last sound of this hurrying horses and wheels was heard. But neither Albinus, Honoria, nor the pasty, nor yet its giver occupied the thoughts of John, as he sped along towards London.

CASCADE OF TERNI.

TURNER's name has for years been the war-cry of one of the great art factions in England, and his pictures have served much the same purpose as the famous shield, about the colour of which the two knights-errant belaboured each other all day long, though neither had seen more than one side. He never exhibited a picture in the Academy that did not give rise to the fiercest disputes and recrimination, which were often carried far beyond their legitimate sphere or object. Since his death, however, his works have gradually been assuming their proper rank; and there is hardly a doubt that at the present moment they stand as high in the estimation of all competent judges, as any artist either of ancient or of modern times.

Before Turner's time landscape painting in England partook very much of the character of young ladies' drawings, or the steel engravings in annuals, at least so far as regarded the subjects chosen. These were generally "moonlight scenes," calm sunsets with clear skies, shady valleys, and river banks at summer noon-day. Little change was ever seen in the character of the atmosphere or hue of the sky. People were beginning to get tired of this, when Turner appeared to supply them with a change of fare. He displayed at the very outset one of his chief characteristics, his intense and invariable nationality.

Turner, strange to say, is the only painter who has ever represented the surface of calm, or the force of agitated, water with precision and fidelity. He has obtained this expression of force in falling or running water by fearless and full rendering of its forms. He goes down with the stream or cataract but never loses himself and his subject in the splash of the fall, or forgets to follow out the details. He does not blind us with spray, or veil the countenance of his fall in its own drapery. It is easy to give the appearance of indiscriminate foam; but nature gives more than foam, she shows beneath and through a distinct outline and character for each wave, and bend, and jet, in short, throws a character of definiteness over the whole. Now Turner is remarkable, above all things, for his dislike of generalities, and for his love of definiteness, and he accordingly discards every thing that conceals or overloads it. In the "Cascade of Terni," one of his Italian views, the whole basin of the fall is blue and dim with rising vapour, and is arched by a rainbow; but, nevertheless, the attention of the spectator is mainly directed to the concentric zones and delicate curves of the falling water itself. The great mistake of most other painters has been that they have given the water a springing parabolic descent, as if it were an enraged prisoner springing eagerly from his bonds: they give it an appearance of activity. Now falling water is in reality, to all appearance, helpless and lifeless, a heavy falling body. Water may *leap* over a stone, but it *tumbles* over a fall, abandons itself wholly to the air, and the descent becomes a dead weight. It is the expression of this hopeless abandonment, this utter prostration—if we may so speak—for which Turner is famous. There is no muscle, or sinew, or wiriness, or self-control in his cataracts.

He displays the same wonderful powers of perspective in his treatment of the water as it flows among the rocks after its descent. Water, when once it finds itself in the bed of the river, and commences its onward course, when it meets

with any obstructions, does not rush madly onward after surmounting them, but rests awhile in the hollow on the other side, and so it goes on, alternately gurgling round the stones in its way, and then resting again. But if it be going down a steep descent, so that its motion is much accelerated by flowing down a steep incline, it leaps manfully over the first obstacle in its way; and instead of resting now, it leaps again over the next with increased momentum; and so on in a succession of leaps, until its surface becomes a series of undulations. Turner seizes on these curved lines of torrent, not only as being among the most beautiful forms of nature, but because they are a constant expression of power and velocity, and tell us how the torrent has been flowing before we see it. The leap and splash may occasionally be seen in any quiet lowland scene, but the undulating line is the peculiar attribute of the mountain torrent which has been rushing mid foam and fury, for miles, over rock and fall.

A few words about Terni itself. Terni, from which the cascade derives the name it most commonly bears, is a town in Italy, in the Duchy of Spoleto. Besides being celebrated on account of its proximity to this most beautiful object, it possesses considerable interest for all classical scholars as having been the birth-place of Tacitus, the profound, philosophical, and impartial historian of the Roman empire, when on the point of its decline. Salvator Rosa writing, in 1662, to his friend Ricciardi, says of this cascade: "I have seen at Terni the cascade of Vellino, a river which takes its rise in the mountains above Rieti, and falls over a height of nearly half a mile; the foam and vapour of which rise up in an arch of a thousand views." Lord Byron wrote to Murray, in 1817, "I have twice visited the fall of Terni, which surpasses every thing." Though these two men had seen most of the wild and terrible scenes of nature, the painter in Calabria, and the poet in Switzerland and the Alps, yet Terni impressed their imaginations more powerfully than any. It is perhaps the finest fall of water, not in Italy only, but in Europe, and can only be surpassed by the giant fall of the western world. The cascades of Tivoli, beside which Horace and Catullus mused and read, invite the senses to repose and slumber; but the emotions produced by Terni are tumultuous and profound. The river of Vellino casts itself, with its entire body of water, over a rock of immense height, and in the midst of thick and luxuriant, but still wild, vegetation. From the abyss into which it falls, it rises in a thick cloud of foam which forms an ever-hanging rainbow, with the most gorgeous hues; but the vibration caused by the descent is so terrible, that the very trees on the side of the rock tremble, and then rushes forward with great impetuosity through a barren and rugged valley. It is said that Curius Dentatus, the famous Roman who has earned for himself an immortality by his self-devotion to the cause of his country, turned aside the course of the river Vellino, in the year 671, from the foundation of the city, in order to protect the district of Rieti from the floods occasioned by its overflowings. He brought it by means of a canal to the edge of the steep rock of Marmora much in the same way, says a clever writer, as they formerly conducted criminals to the Tarpeian rock, and threw them down headlong. The names of Vellino, Marmora, and